FASHIONS

THE WORLD OF DRESS

VALUABLE INFORMATION FOR THOSE WHO LOVE GOOD CLOTHES.

ABOUT SATIN DE LAINE COSTUMES.

The Rages for Fringes and Appliques—Flimsiness the Latest Fad. Some Beautiful Dinner Gowns—Velvets Used for These.

(For the Dispatch.)

A very old material has come to the front again. It is satin de laine, and made up into street costumes, it has all the beauty of broadcloth without the weight of the latter material. The light pastel shades are used for these latest tailor mades, and the trimming consists of stitching or bands of the material, or velvet of the same shade. The skirts are in most instances single, the stitched bands often concealing the seams of the jacket and the skirt.

Never was there such a rage for decoration. As plain materials and long smooth lines are the present vogue there is every opportunity for the display of trimmings. Prominent among these are fringes, and the furor grows every hour. They are used not only on skirts, on bands, and on flounces, but on the ends of sashes, and as a finish for the shoulder capes which appear on many of the handsomer costumes of the coming season. There will be even entire gowns covered with mesh work in silk thread. Fringes are even used on hats and on the ends of fancy neckwear. Tom Thumb fringes from one half to one inch wide are being used in the making of allovers, whose foundations are variously taffeta, velvet cloth, and mousseline de soie. The fringes are sewed on in various designs, and the effect is certainly very good. The passion for softness and flimsiness is accountable for the adoption of this class of trimmings. The stylish woman now moves without a rustle. The materials of her gowns are soft and flimsy, and the lining is soft finished silk or satin.

THE APPLIQUES.

Next to fringes in the line of decorations come the appliques. These are to be had by the yard or in set pieces for the fronts of dresses. The plain cloth gown in our large illustration this week shows one of these applique designs in black and white.

A very rich and costly trimming, to which I have already alluded, is a lace with applications of fur. We illustrate this week a handsome foundation flounce for this fur ornamentation. As it is very costly to buy, there will be many of our readers who will be glad to make it at home. It is a work that gives plenty of scope for ingenuity. The foundation for the fur in our design is French batiste, and where these large, bold lilies and the finer leaves are shown, it is there the fur has to be applique, the markings and the outline worked either in buttonhole stich, or with a fine lace cord, or, where worn in the evening, with some rich brocade in gold cord. The scallops have a foundation of network, the edge worked with French embroidery cotton Nos. 30 and 100, and the uniting bars have picots. A golden seal, brown seal, and beaver are the best furs for the purpose, unless fine sable can be used; but it is possible to procure from furriers small cuttings, which, though invaluable for lace, are useful for very few other purposes, and some of the cleverest makers of this lace adapt their patterns to the morsels they have in hand, and thereby greatly improve the aspect of the work.

A GROUNDWORK OF NET.

For all such laces it is necessary to have some bold, substantial flowers, and it would seem that such laces never look so well as on a groundwork of net. I have seen a pretty tunic of the fashionable shape pointed in the front, worked on net. Again, the lawn of which the flowers are composed is covered with the fur, and all the rest of the pattern embroidered and mingled with lace stitches. Collars for opera-cloaks are singularly effective in this style, and are generally large enough to reach to the shoulders, after the order of the cape collars now worn. Occasionally the fur and the lace are supplemented by a few jewels, and, with sable small turquoises, seem to have the predominance.

Our designers are falling back on many splendid fashions of mediaeval days, for almost anything repeated in our modern days can adapt itself to the current fashions. The craquele net is a capital fountain for applique, but it is always necessary that with the fur there should be a background of either lace stitches or linen applique which blends well with the dark fur, that alone would seem too heavy and sombre. Indeed, the fur ought to be used sparingly. In the first place, it would be too heavy for the lace, and it certainly would lose a good deal of its grace, for it is both magnificent and graceful.

THE EFFECT OF LACE.

Almost any of the Italian laces can be utilized for this new lace work, and some of the people who have torn specimens are hiding the shred by fur applique, which they back with a light make of linen that gives them solidity. It should always be the heavier make of lace. English point, Spanish point, and some of the pretty French laces are all suitable, and it is astonishing how much effect a very little fur makes. It simplifies matters much, as far as needlework is concerned, if in lieu of a heavy buttonholed edge, there is only sufficient substance given to which to attach a narrow bordering of fur. Even during the heat of the late season I saw a lovely white lisse gown draped over pink silk, bordered with narrow beaver. Dame Fashion delights in these marked contrasts, especially in Paris. A point d'Argentan flounce is one of the best examples I have seen with fur introduced; the designs are bolder than d'Alencon, and it recalls Venetian point as far as workmanship and exquisite execution, but the design and workmanship are very different indeed, the flowers more compact. Some of the old point de France made between 1665 and 1720 at Loury is perhaps as close an imitation of raised Venetian and Spanish point; but of course, it would be a great pity to treat any precious old lace with fur, for to make it sufficiently substantial a good deal of close sewing is required which would be highly detrimental to the close thread. Almost any patterns chosen from the early cut work would make beautiful ornamentations for dresses. We seem to have but little inventive power in our days, and have to fall back on old models.

GOLD AND SILVER THREAD.

People have a very indistinct idea of what is "bone" lace—viz., pillow lace, made with bone bobbins. It is always a good thing, as far as real lace is concerned, that we should have fashions which do not require the use of an inordinate amount of lace, and it tends that way now. It has been considered good taste all the year through to wear real lace even in the daytime, and one of the great costumiers in Paris has been laying narrow bands of Spanish point over strips of dark long-haired fur, so that some of the hairs are visible between the interstices of the pattern. Gold and silver thread always seem to be in harmony with this rich style of ornamentation; indeed, in the Tudor days, when a vast deal of fur was worn, gold and silver lace was, perhaps, more worn than at any other period, and some of the partlets covering the shoulders were made of such lace, with borderings of fur, the long, hanging sleeves being bordered with furbelow insertion.

EVENING AND DINNER COSTUMES

I have as yet told you nothing of evening and dinner costumes, and, indeed, there are, as yet, very few exhibited by the best houses. A specially beautiful dinner-gown seen this week was of old rose uncut velvet. The trained skirt of the velvet, cut in circular shape, and made in a single piece, was encrusted with applications of flowers of Venice lace, leaving the tablier plain. The waist, very slightly bloused, was of Venice guipure, thickly sewed with mother-of-pearl spangles. The edge of the decollete was trimmed with two wide-folded biases of the epingle, or uncut velvet, that of the right crossing the other, and continuing to the first side seam of the waist. Three rows of black velvet ribbon were set in epaulette form, surrounding the arm scye. The sleeves were long, falling slightly over the hand, and were made of the Venice guipure.

I have described this beautiful gown at length, as it was made of epingle velvet, one of the new materials for rich toilettes. Indeed, velvets, both cut and uncut, will be extremely fashionable this winter. Here is another elegant dinner gown, this time a princess form. It is an ivory-white satin, and has a square decollete. The front is entirely covered with guipure, which gradually slopes off into a flounce en forme, which passes entirely around the skirt. Beautiful rosettes of velvet mousseline are set on the waist, and at intervals down the closing of the lace tablier.

This blouse of black and white checked taffeta has a soft vest of cream mousseline de soie and revers and collar band of black velvet.

SIMON'S PAPA.

By Guy de Maupassant.

(Translated for the Evening Post by B. S. I.)

The clocks were striking noon. The school-door opened, and the urchins rushed out, falling over each other in their haste. But instead of dispersing rapidly and hurrying home for dinner, as was their wont, they soon came to a standstill, formed themselves into groups, and began to whisper.

That very morning, so it seems, Simon, the son of Blanchotte, had come to school for the first time. All had heard Blanchotte spoken of at home, and, although she was generally well received, the mothers among themselves referred to her with a sort of contemptuous pity that had influenced the children without their understanding exactly why.

As to Simon himself, he was a total stranger to them, for he seldom went out and never raced through the village streets or along the banks of the river with them. So they did not like him, and felt a certain pleasure, mingled with considerable astonishment, in repeating to each other the words of a cub of 14 or 15 years, who acted as if he knew all there was to know, as he said with a sly wink: "You know—Simon—well, he hasn't any papa."

Blanchotte's son stood on the threshold of the door—a child of 7 or 8 years, a trifle pale, very neat, with a timid, almost awkward manner. He was going towards home when the groups of his whispering comrades, watching him with the cruel, malicious eyes of children who are meditating some mean attack, gradually surrounded him, and finally hedged him in completely. He stayed there, in their midst, surprised and embarrassed, without comprehending what they were going to do to him. But the boy who had spread the news, proud of the success already won, demanded: "What's your name?". He replied, "Simon." Simon what?" asked the other. The child, confused, repeated, "Simon." The cub exclaimed, "Your name's Simon something. That's no name—just Simon." And the little fellow, with tears in his eyes, said for the third time, "My name is Simon."

The children began to laugh. The spokesman raised his voice, "You see well enough, he hasn't any papa."

Perfect silence. The children were stupefied by such an impossible, monstrous, extraordinary thing—a boy without a papa; they considered him a phenomenon, a freak, and the contempt that their mothers felt for Blanchotte, inexplicable hitherto to their minds, sprang into existence at that instant.

Simon was leaning against a tree for support, and remained as if overwhelmed by an irreparable disaster. He endeavored to explain, but he couldn think of nothing else to say and give the lie to that dreadful assertion that he hadn't any papa. At last, livid with emotion, he cried at random: "Yes, I have one."

"Where is he?" asked his tormentor.

Simon was silent; he didn't know. The children, greatly excited, screamed with laughter; and in that moment those sons of the soil resembled brutes, inasmuch as they felt that same cruel impulse that prompts barnyard fowls to fall on and destroy a member of their community as soon as it is wounded. All at once Simon caught sight of a small neighbor, a widow's son, who, like himself, had always lived alone with his mother.

"And you," he said, "you haven't any papa, either."

"Oh! yes, I have," replied the other.

"Where is he?" demanded Simon.

"He's dead," declared the child, with superb pride; "my papa is in the cemetery."

A murmur of approbation ran through the group of urchins, as if the fact of having his father dead in the cemetery had advanced their comrade at the expense of the other, who hadn't any at all. And those scamps, whose fathers, for the most part, were drunkards, thieves, cruelly maltreating their wives, pressed closer to each other, as if they, legitimate offspring, wished to suffocate as in a vise the one born out of wedlock. All of a sudden, one who stood opposite Simon, thrust out his tongue at him with a mocking air, crying:

"No papa! no papa!"

Simon seized him by the hair with his two hands, and began to rain kicks on his legs, while he bit him savagely.

Tremendous excitement ensued. The two combatants were separated, and Simon found himself beaten, torn, bruised, rolled on the ground in the midst of the circle of applauding ragamuffins. As he rose, mechanically brushing the dust from his little blouse with his hand, some one yelled at him: "Go tell your papa all about it!"

Then he felt a great weight at his heart. They were stronger than he, had beaten him, and he could not answer them, for he realized perfectly it was true that he hadn't any papa. Full of pride, he tried, however, for several seconds to wrestle successfully with the tears that were strangling him. A moment of suffocation, then, without a cry, he burst into great sobs that shook his whole frame.

A ferocious joy broke out in the ranks of his enemies, and as naturally as savages in their frightful gayety, they joined hands and began to dance around him, repeating like a refrain, "No papa! No papa!"

But suddenly Simon ceased to sob. Rage took possession of him. There were some stones under his feet; he picked them up and hurled them with all his might at his tormentors. Two or three were struck and ran away crying; he looked so formidable that a panic overcame the others. Cowardly, as the mob always is when confronted by an exasperated person, they disbanded and fled.

Left alone, the little fellow with no father ran towards the fields, for a remembrance had come to him, bringing resolution in its wake. He was going to drown himself in the river. He recollected that eight days before a poor devil of a beggar had thrown himself into the river because he had no money. Simon was present when they fished him up—and the poor fellow, who ordinarily seemed dirty and ugly to him, struck him then by his tranquil appearance, with his pale cheeks, his long, wet beard, and calm, open eyes. People had said round about, "He's dead." Some one had added, "He's very happy now!" And Simon wished to drown himself, because he had no father, as that poor man had had no money. * * * He reached the river and watched it flow. Some fishes were sporting in the clear water, and now and then made little leaps, snapping at the flies on the surface. He stopped crying to look at them, for their manner of feeding interested him immensely.

But, as the calm of the tempest ever and anon a furious wind sweeps along, crashing through the trees and finally losing itself on the horizon, so that thought kept recurring to his mind, "I am going to drown myself because I have no papa."

It was a beautiful, mild day. The gentle sun was warming the grass. The water was like a polished mirror, and Simon enjoyed some of the blissful moments of that languor that follows tears, and he longed to lie down on the grass and sleep in the sunshine. A tiny, green frog leaped from under his feet. He tried to catch it. It escaped him. He chased it and made three futile efforts to seize it. At last he grasped it by the end of its hind legs, and laughed to see the struggles it made to be free. It gathered up its long legs; then with a rapid movement suddenly threw them out, stiff as pokers; while with its eyes wide open, encircled with a ring of gold, it beat the air with its front legs, which it moved like hands.

That made him think of a plaything made of narrow pieces of wood fastened zig-zag one over the other, which, by a similar movement, regulated the exercise of the little soldiers that were glued on it. Then he thought of his home, of his mother—and then, overcome by a great sadness, he began to cry again. The shivers ran through his limbs—he fell on his knees, and recited his prayer as if he were going to sleep. But he could not finish it, for the sobs came so fast, so tumultuously that they completely took possession of him. He could not think any more—he no longer saw anything near him. He cried, cried.

Suddenly a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder, and a deep voice said: "What makes you cry like that, my man?" Simon turned. A big workman, with black beard and curly black hair, was watching him in a friendly fashion. He replied with eyes and throat full of tears: "They beat me because—I—I—haven't—any papa—any papa!"

"How's that?" said the man, laughing. "Every one has one." The child answered painfully in the midst of the spasms of anguish, "I—I—haven't any."

The workman became serious; he recognized Blanchotte's boy, and, although a stranger in the province, he knew her story vaguely.

"Well, now," he said, "console yourself, my little one, and come home with me to your mother. Some one will give you—a father."

They started off, the big man holding the boy's hand, and he smiled again, for he was not displeased at the idea of seeing this Blanchotte, who was, they said, one of the prettiest girls in the country.

They arrived at a small, very clean white house. "That's it," said the child, and called, "Mamma!"

Blanchotte appeared, and the workman no longer smiled, for he understood at a glance that no one could jest with the tall, pale young woman, who stood sternly at her door, as if to forbid another man to cross the threshold of the house where she had already been betrayed.

Intimidated, and cap in hand, he stammered: "Madame, I am returning your little boy, who had lost his way on the river bank."

But Simon sprang to his mother's arms and said, bursting into tears: "No, mamma, I was going to drown myself because the others beat me, beat me—because I haven't any papa."

A vivid red colored the young woman's cheeks, and, wounded to the depths of her soul, she clasped her child quickly in her arms, the tears streaming down her face.

The man, moved, stood there, not knowing how to leave. But Simon suddenly ran to him and said: "Will you be my papa?"

There was a pause; Blanchotte, dumb and tortured with shame, leaned against the door, her two hands pressed over her heart. The child, seeing that no answer was given him, said: "If you won't I shall go back and drown myself." The workman regarded it as a joke, and replied laughingly: "Of course; of course I'll be."

"What's your name, then," demanded the child, "so I may tell it to the others when they ask?" "Philip," responded the man. Simon remained silent a moment in order to fix the name in his head; then he held out his arms, comforted entirely, saying: "So, then, Philip, you are my papa." The workman, raising him from the ground, kissed him hastily on both cheeks, and strode away.

When the child went to school the next day he was greeted by a malicious laugh, and at the close of the session, when his adversary was ready to begin tormenting him again, Simon hurled these words at his head, as if they had been a stone: "My papa's name is Philip."

There were howls of derision on all sides. "Philip who? Philip what? What is he? When did you find your Philip?"

Simon made no answer, and, unwavering in his faith, he defied them with his eyes, ready to be martyred rather than run from them. The school-teacher delivered him, and he went home.

For three months the big workman, Philip, passed frequently near Blanchotte's cottage, and sometimes he ventured to speak to her when he saw her sewing at the window. She replied politely, always gravely, never laughed, and never permitted him to enter. Nevertheless, a trifle conceited, like all men, he imagined that she had more color when she was talking to him than ordinarily.

But a flawed reputation is so difficult to make whole again, and always remains so brittle, that in spite of Blanchotte's sensitive reserve the country people were already gossiping. As to Simon, he loved his new papa dearly, and took a walk with him nearly every evening after the day's work was done. He went to school regularly and mingled with the pupils, but never replied to their taunts.

One day, however, the boy who had been the instigator of the attack said to him: "You told a lie; you haven't a papa named Philip." "Why not?" demanded Simon, much perplexed. The boy rubbed his hands. "Because, if you did have one, he would be your mamma's husband."

Simon was disturbed by the justice of this reasoning; nevertheless he replied, "He's my papa, all the same." "That may be," declared the boy, "but he isn't your papa at all, you know."

Blanchotte's son bent his head and walked dreamily over to Uncle Loizon's smithy, where Philip worked. The smithy was as if buried under the trees. It was very dark, only the red light of a formidable fire illuminated and reflected five blacksmiths with bare arms, who were hammering on their anvils with a terrible din. They were standing, blazing like demons, their eyes riveted on the red-hot iron that they were shaping, and their heavy thoughts rose and fell in unison with their hammers.

Simon entered unnoticed, and, softly slipping up to his friend, pulled him by the sleeve. Philip turned. Suddenly work ceased; all the men were watching attentively. Then, in the midst of the unaccustomed silence, Simon's little frail voice was heard: "Say, Philip, Michaud's boy just told me that you were not my papa at all. "Why not?" demanded the workman. The child replied with all a child's naivete: "Because you are not mamma's husband." No one laughed. Philip remained standing, his forehead resting on the back of the large hands holding the handle of the hammer, which stood on the anvil. He was dreaming. His four companions kept their eyes on him, and Simon, so tiny among those giants, was anxiously listening to what one of smiths, the spokesman for the rest, was saying to Philip.

"All the same she's a good, honest girl, plucky and steady, in spite of her misfortune—she'd be a good wife for an honest man."

"Yes, that's true," chimed in the three others. The man continued: "Is it her fault if she tripped once? He had promised to marry her, and I know more than one that's done the same thing and is not thought the less of to-day."

"Yes, that's true," the chorus took up the refrain.

He went on: "God only knows what the poor thing has put up with to bring up her boy, and how she's cried since she left off going anywhere but to church."

"It's all true," said the others.

Then nothing was heard but the blowing of the bellows. Philip bent swiftly over Simon. "Tell your mamma I'm going to have a talk with her this evening." Then he pushed the child out by the shoulders.

He returned to his work, and with one accord the five hammers fell again on the anvils. So they beat away at the iron till nightfall, strong, powerful, happy. But as on a feast-day, the great bell of a cathedral sounds above the peal of the other bells, so Philip's hammer, dominating the blows of his comrades', fell every other second with a deafening thud, and he himself, his eyes aflame, wrought impassioned amid the sparks.

The sky was studded with stars when he knocked at Blanchotte's door. He had his Sunday blouse on, a fresh shirt, and his beard trimmed. The young woman appeared on the threshold, and said with a sad face: "It is not kind of you to come here after dark, Mr. Philip." He wished to say something, but only stammered and grew confused under her gaze.

She continued: "You understand that I must be careful, so that henceforth no one can say a word about me."

Then he flashed out, "What of that, if you will be my wife?"

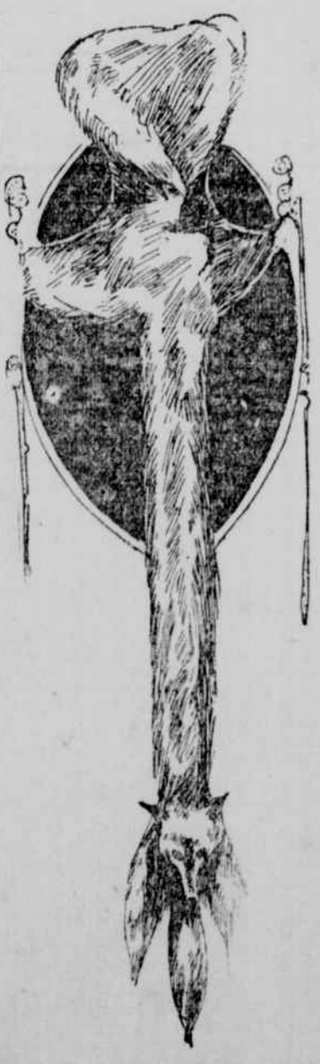
No voice answered him, but he thought he heard in the darkness within the noise of a falling body. He entered quickly, and Simon, who was in bed, distinguished the sound of a kiss and some words that his mother was murmuring. Then all at once he felt himself lifted in his friend's hands, and Philip, holding the child in his herculean arms, exclaimed: "You can tell your comrades that your papa is Philip Remy, the blacksmith, and that he'll slit the ears of any one who hurts you."

The next day, as school was about to begin, little Simon rose, pale, and with trembling lips: "My papa," he said, in a clear voice, "is Philip Remy, the blacksmith, and he has promised to slit the ears of any one who hurts me."

That time no one laughed, for they knew Philip Remy, the blacksmith, and he was a papa to be proud of.

The pompadour is with us still, but it now has a distinct parting on one side, from which the waving is started.

The Princess effect is the dernier cri in tailor-made costumes. The model gown on the first figure shows how the trying effect of this style is overcome by the separate yoke, vest, and front of the skirt. It is built in plum cloth, with strappings of stitched black velvet and an applied design of white cloth. The second figure shows one of the most becoming of the fall coats. It is made of pale gray cloth and trimmed with strappings of the cloth. The third figure wears a cloth gown of graphite gray. It has a small vest of white cloth and is braided with dark gray soutache.



Fur collarette with stole ends. The stole effect is very fashionable this year both in wraps and fur collarettes. Everything that tends to give length to the figure is used by designers.

Oom Paul's Pet Psalm.

(Springfield Republican.)

President Kruger's selection of Psalm 83 as best defining the position of his country was not inapt from his standpoint. The vital extracts from the Psalm are as follows:

For, lo, Thine enemies make a tumult; and they that hate Thee have lifted up the head.

They have taken crafty counsel against Thy people, and consulted against Thy hidden ones.

They have said: Come, and let us cut them off from being a nation; that the name of Israel may be no more in remembrance.

For they have consulted together with one consent; they are confederate against Thee.

O, my God, make them like a wheel; as the stubble before the wind.

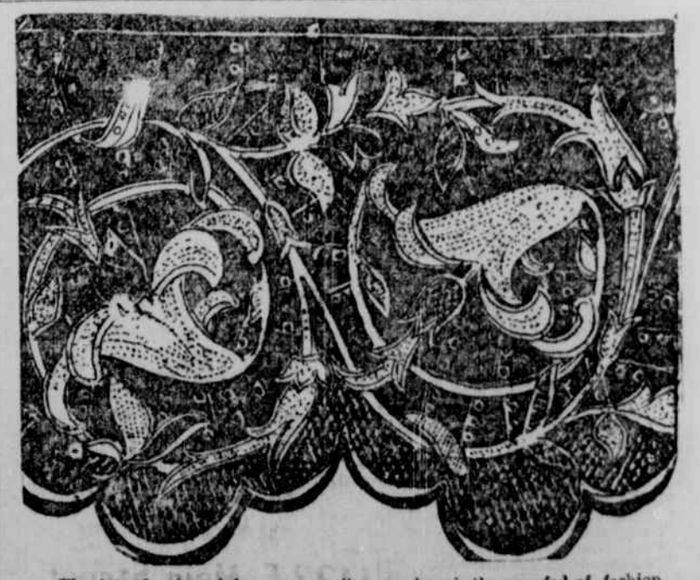
As the fire burneth a wood, and as the flame setteth the mountains on fire.

So persecute them with Thy tempest, and make them afraid with Thy storm.

Fill their faces with shame; that they may seek Thy name, O Lord.

Let them be confounded and troubled forever; yea, let them be put to shame, and perish.

That men may know that Thou, whose name alone is Jehovah, art the Most High over all the earth.



The introduction of fur as an applique on lace is the new fad of fashion. Seal, beaver, and sable are the furs used. The mode of making is described in our fashion article this week.